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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME L. CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 19, 1903. NUMBER 25

WHEREVER snow falls or water flows or birds fly, wherever day and night meet in twilight, wherever the blue heaven is hung by clouds or sown with stars, wherever are forms with transparent boundaries, wherever are outlets into celestial space, wherever is danger, and awe, and love,—there is Beauty, plenteous as rain, shed for thee, and though thou shouldst walk the world over, thou shalt not be able to find a condition inopportune or ignoble.

Emerson in "The Poet."

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

CONGRESS WORK ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM MANY LETTERS.

FROM DR. THOMAS, at TUCSON, ARIZ., en route:

We did not plan to do any work at this point; stopped quietly at the hotel; the papers noticed our arrival; the preachers called on us and the outside people wanted a public service, and so I consented to give sermons at the opera house.

I spoke to one of the pastors about our Congress work. I said it might be possible for you to stop off one evening on your way to Los Angeles. Today all the pastors, Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist, Congregational and Presbyterian, called in a body, and after talking over the Congress and the Peoples' Pulpit, formed a committee. I told them I could not promise certainly that you would. Train reaches here 3 p. m. You could see the city, have evening meeting at opera house, and take 10:55 p. m. train.

Had a fine audience at the pretty opera house. The Episcopal rector read scripture, the Baptist offered prayer; had good music and I spoke an hour. All seemed pleased with the service.

FROM THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AT CHENEY, WASH., one of the professors writes:

"We will very gladly entertain one or more speakers and arrange all details of the meeting or meetings here, if we can only secure your attendance. We have two hundred and sixty students and the influence of such meeting would be far-reaching. Our auditorium is a large one and can be secured. We are sixteen miles from Spokane, in direct communication with Portland. Please send list of topics and the probable speakers who will come this way. The northwest is ripe for humanitarian religion. We are in need of an institutional church. Some of us are working for a reading room and gymnasium to be open every evening. A domestic science movement for women and girls is also afoot."

FROM RABBI S. G. WISE, OF PORTLAND, ORE.:

"You must come to Portland. We need you most because we want you least. Some may be afraid of you. We are planning to have an afternoon meeting at the Unitarian chapel and an evening rally at our Synagogue. It is a lengthy and rather expensive trip from San Francisco to this place, but we will do all we can towards meeting expenses."

FROM REV. R. HEBER NEWTON, CHAPLAIN LELAND STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CAL.:

"The dedication services of the University Church were after your own heart—a Sunday Congress of Religion. There was fine spirit throughout the services. I think it must remain as an object lesson to the coast. The coast is all clear here for a Saturday meeting, Saturday being an off day with the classes. Arrangements for the meetings at Oakland, Berkeley and San Jose are being perfected."

FROM REV. W. D. SIMONDS, SEATTLE, WASH.:

"At a recent meeting of our Board of Trustees your communication relative to the meeting of the Congress was considered. It was resolved that the church be tendered to you for the purpose named, without expense. Should you be able to come, give us as long a notice as possible. If you cannot all come, send one speaker."

FROM RABBI JACOB VOORSANGER, OF SAN FRANCISCO:

You may count on me to help this movement. An advance agent should come from the east to arrange an itinerary."

FROM REV. ALVA ROY SCOTT, COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.:

"We shall be glad to arrange for a meeting of "The Congress of Religion." We can provide a meeting place and entertainment for the speakers. We can easily give wide notice of the meeting and will do all that is possible to secure a large attendance. We shall be exceedingly glad if it is possible for you to be with us. Many of our people have already so expressed themselves. If you will send circulars I will see that they are widely distributed."

UNITY

VOLUME L. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1903. NUMBER 25

The *Christian Life* reports no prisoners for trial in one town in Wales and one in England at recent assizes. Why may we not hope for a multiplication of these empty jails?

There are grave questions, many of them, pressing the State Legislature of Illinois this winter. Illiteracy, child-labor, public school interests, municipal ownership of public utilities, all are awaiting adequate legislation, much of which is already beaten clear, but the friction of parties and the corruption of officials give little ground for hope for much useful legislation this winter.

Last week we spoke of an ominous industrial struggle pending in Chicago on account of the strike of the elevator men and their aiders, the teamsters. This week we are glad to announce a prompt and speedy settlement. In less than three days after an arbitration was agreed upon, a decision was rendered which seemed to be acceptable to all parties. It would seem as though arbitration as an economic tool in modern jurisprudence has fully established itself in the judgments of the wise, and one of these days will be demanded and enforced by the will of the competent, duly expressed in adequate legislation.

Many of the earlier readers of UNITY will be tenderly touched by the announcement of the recent death of Mrs. John R. Effinger. Her invalidism was of long duration, a painful one, and it had seemed to the friends as though she would have gone first, but she survived her husband nearly a year. The writer of this note remembers their happy honeymoon season in Keokuk some thirty-three years ago when he was a guest at the hospitable Knowles mansion a few weeks after the wedding. It was a loving union which inaugurated a honeymoon season that was not broken or interrupted until the faithful missionary, John Effinger, went thither, and it is fitting that she should find her rest so soon after. The Effinger home was always suffused with tenderness and the courtesies born out of mutual love. Two boys were given them and they remain to justify the loving home life into which they were born. Robert, the elder, with whom the mother spent her last days, is a professor of the Romance languages in the University of Michigan. The younger, Girard, is married and is an active business man among the Rockies. In these boys many friends widely scattered have peculiar interest and they will extend to them affectionate sympathy for the sake of the father and mother.

We began last week the publication of a series of appreciations and interpretations of Ralph Waldo Emerson, which will constitute UNITY's contribution to the centennial celebration. It is not within our power or purpose to give the symmetrical and deliberate estimates of the various phases of the Emerson life and writings which the occasion demands. That will be done by men and institutions more adequately equipped. But it is within our power to give expression to the gratitude and appreciation of many of our readers and contributors as well as the careful estimate and the skillful statement of the few. Hence it is that in addition to the studied articles on special topics which we have arranged for, we here ask for testimonials, experiences and appreciations from the Emerson reader, known or unknown, named or unnamed. Let our friends everywhere, men and women, old and young, send us their word, only so that they be of postal card length, and we will be glad to make room for them as space permits. Reader, what has Emerson done for you? What poem or essay, book or lecture, represents to you the mountain peaks in the Emerson range? As you see it, what has Emerson done for the world and what is there yet for him to do? Answers to any one or more of these questions will be welcome, remembering always the postal card length.

Last week's *Reform Advocate* gives the distressing details of starvation among the Jews in Russia. A Berlin dispatch says that thousands of families in the Jewish concentration districts in west Russia are freezing and starving to death. Scores of communities are without food, fuel or clothing. The provincial government seems wholly inadequate to the occasion. Similar distressing accounts come from the northern regions of Scandinavia, where whole communities of Swedes are in dire extremity. Of the Jewish sufferers in Russia there is the grim suggestion that this condiiton of things is pleasing to the central government. At any rate, there is a human element in the hardship, for the Jews are debarred from agricultural pursuits in Russia. But the starvation in Sweden seems to be the result of climatic conditions that destroyed the crops. In both cases it is a reproach to civilization that the facilities of exchange and the methods of distribution should not be such as to promptly carry the overflow of one section to the needs of the other. The food resources of the world are now so abundant that it will not do to throw the responsibility of famine and the pestilence that accompanies the same upon the Infinite. There is plenty of food in the world to nourish all, if men were only willing to avail themselves of known methods of fair distribution. Let the accumulations of one section be hastened to where they will make good the deficiencies of another, for the need will be somewhere else next time.

The long deliberations of the anthracite coal commission are at an end, and its report will now be anxiously looked for by the public. The time and money spent in sifting the facts of the situation to the bottom are time and money spent to good purpose. Thanks to the action of President Roosevelt, the coal famine was less severe in all parts of the nation than it threatened at one time to be. Still the situation came near enough to the danger line of tragedy to show what frightful possibilities were averted. It would be too much to suppose that all the right in the case is on one side. Organized labor has much to answer for in the treatment given to the non-union miners. The sentiment of this country, however favorably disposed to men who are banded together to secure a better standard of life for themselves and for their children, will not sustain them in the brutal and cowardly oppression of other men who for reasons of their own choose to work independently of the organization. But, on the other hand, organized labor, in the person of Mr. John Mitchell, has won in the present contest one of the greatest victories for the workingman ever achieved on American soil. It has demonstrated his title to be heard as an equal party in a dispute with powerful and thoroughly intrenched capital. The closing address of President Baer, of the Reading Company, before the commission was in striking contrast to the arrogant tone used by the same man and by his associates in the historic interview with the President. Organized labor may well anticipate that the report of the commission will be generally in its favor, but the larger public, which is the party chiefly concerned in the case, may be sure that even-handed justice will be done to all sides in the dispute, with an effect for industrial peace greater than that of any previous tribunal of arbitration that the United States has seen.

Light on a Dark Subject.

The great event of last week, not only for Chicago but for the country—and why not say for the religious world—was the meeting of the Religious and Moral Education Convention commented upon by our associate. It was significant in the personalities represented. It is said that twenty-five colleges and universities and about the same number of religious denominations were represented. Of course the meeting was largely academic. The speakers were chiefly university professors and presidents, though many of the names carry the ministerial prefixes and suffixes. The most significant feature in a meeting that was itself all significant was the fact that it was an academic challenge to the active clergy. It was a voice from within orthodoxy summoning the conservative elements to arise and go forth. It was a clear and bold challenge to the church to show present cause for being. The subjects and spirit of the discussions were such as were never before realized to such an extent under the sanction of orthodox Christianity. It was a Congress of Religion, conceived, managed and programed by university men. It was such an acceptation of "advanced views," such as are represented by untrammeled scholarship and interdenominational fellowship as used to be aimed at but was never realized in the meetings of the Western Unitarian Conference during the eighties.

The popular interest in the movement was another illustration of the truth which Edward Emerson has recently recorded of his father's experience in the early days of his lecturing career: "People were glad to hear on week days what was forbidden by the churches on Sundays." President Angell, who presided at the first meeting, served notice on the churches and the ministers of the churches that the discoveries of science and the results of study had put a new phase on many of the old questions and things were not as they used to be.

We will not anticipate the published proceedings, which will be looked for eagerly and which we trust will be largely called for by readers of UNITY. But it is safe to say that two points at least were clearly and sometimes defiantly set forth, viz.:

1. That there is inadequate provision made for the moral and religious education of the young; that the Sunday Schools, as at present realized, are a dismal failure in this direction, and that something needs be done about it.

2. That the ministers of the churches have been culpably neglectful in this direction; that while they themselves have been moving forward, keeping in more or less heroic touch with the latest results of scholarship concerning the Bible and the social problems of today, and have carried to a degree the results of their studies into their pulpits, they have to an alarming extent neglected the Sunday-school room, evaded the responsibility of leadership here, and in that way failed to be the "superintendents of the moral and spiritual education of the children entrusted to their care."

This arraignment is a severe one, but we believe it is true, and we believe that the time is coming when the minister who does not directly assume the responsibility of teaching his teachers in these directions will be considered incompetent to discharge the duties of the minister and unworthy the trust he assumes. And we believe that this newly organized institution will hasten the day.

There is nothing new in this contention or in the disclosures of last week's conventicle except that the utterances came under new auspices, in new combinations and were addressed to a new constituency. Therein lies the great hopefulness. Most of those who took part in the convention last week enjoyed the confidences and the fellowship of the churches who delight in the theological traditions that burned Servetus, that persecuted the Socini and the antagonists of Francis David of Transylvania, and of Joseph Priestley of England; and still it is a matter patent to every fair-minded scholar that these men received the plaudits of Chicago because their attitude, scholastic and theological, toward the questions of today was identical with the attitude, scholastic and theological, of those martyrs to the questions of their day. Those college professors and orthodox ministers asked for a more rational interpretation and a more scholarly appreciation and practical application of that which is written.

They pleaded for a new ethical interpretation of religion; they asked for a wider fellowship and greater freedom of inquiry.

All this is most hopeful. "Other men have labored and they have entered into their labors." These men have, to a degree, the *esprit du corps* of the scientists, they have great institutions more or less committed to them. They have planned for generous things. Dr. Harper estimates that an expenditure of twenty-five thousand dollars a year will be necessary, and he thinks successfully in terms of money.

But this movement, which is an *evolution* on the Godward side, will look very like a *revolution* to millions on the manward side, and the leaders will need the courage of the martyrs, the independence, devotion and consecration of the martyrs to see it through. Religion must cease to be an indolent luxury of a leisure class, its privileges must not be ranked with those of the club room, the tennis court, golf grounds and banqueting hall, and the claims of religion must not be discussed every Sunday morning as over against the claims of these. And if one is to indulge his religious nature, the indulgence may be properly determined by the softest chair, the best choir, the most fashionable congregation, or the preacher who tells the best stories and preaches the shortest sermon.

We rejoice in this manifestation of ethical earnestness and a thirst for a practical application of religion among college professors and ministers of religion.

Not the least significant fact in all this gathering is that with this touch of earnestness and this manifestation of courage, sectarian lines faded and denominational interests were ignored. Dr. Little, President-elect of the new institution, expressed a regret that the Jews and Catholics were not in evidence. Perhaps it is too much to expect that the Catholics can for some time yet enter into such councils, but we venture the opinion that the Jews will be only too willing to enter into such councils the moment they realize that they will be fully welcome and will be admitted on the common grounds of scholarship and ethical earnestness. The so-called liberal denominations, the unorthodox fellowships, of Unitarian, Universalist, the Ethical Culture and Independents, like the Jewish fraternities, were but slightly represented. But this was not on account of a lack of interest among these representatives of religion, but a hesitancy as to the cordiality of the reception they would meet. Obviously, the representation of those forces was inadequate; whether the hesitancy was in the invitation or in the acceptance of the same, it matters not. Surely if the spirit of the last meeting is to be perpetuated, there will be less suspicion and halting on either side.

Again we rejoice in this missionary movement of the schools and the apostolic character of these teachers.

Impressions of the Chicago Convention for Religious and Moral Education.

As the great convention which for the last six months has cast its shadow before and affected the religious life of the entire country through its preliminary conferences, call, and invitations passes into history it may be profitable to gather a few of the impressions which it leaves.

Practically under the management of the University of Chicago, it was marked, as might have been expected, with the breadth, comprehensiveness and completeness of detail which the resources and experience of such an institution rendered possible. Naturally, too, it had the defects of its virtues. If its promoters were in position to levy upon an inexhaustible supply of talent, they were seduced thereby into overcrowding the program; if the whole affair moved forward with the smoothness, the precision and the momentum of a powerful and perfect engine, it was as impersonal and as cold; if every paper was luminous with long-brooded thought, terse with pointed epigram or scintillant with polished wit, there was no electric flash at the meeting of opposite currents of conviction, no casting into new molds of old opinions fused in the crucible of spontaneous debate. Nevertheless, it was a great convention—great in the faith, the hope and the charity which it embodied, great in the progress which it registered, greater still in the progress which it assures. It justified the statement of President Angell, of Michigan University, who presided over the first session: "Never has there been a gathering in this country with higher and nobler aim than this."

The entire vast symphony was unmarred by a single false note of sectarianism or self-seeking on the part of any interest or agency represented. There was clearly present a desire to build up and strengthen, to enlarge and broaden, not to supplant. A convention called together in the interest of "religious and moral education," naturally its keyword was Education, but real education, and not merely the inculcation of the specific tenets or shibboleths of any school or section was meant. Both the progressive and the conservative nature of the proposed advance found fair and comprehensive expression in the demand by Dr. William G. Bitting, pastor of Mount Morris Baptist Church, of New York city, for "an organized, aggressive campaign for universal Bible study, according to sound educational methods."

Academic in treatment, the themes still had all a spirit of popular effectiveness. This the public recognized and thronged all the places of meeting at all the session. The late Joseph Cook regarded the reception accorded by an audience to any statement, as indicated by applause, very significant. By this test, the community is well awake to the fundamental ideas for which this convention stood, and approves of better and more scientific education in religious matters, of the recognition of growth as conditioning all real education and all true progress toward unity, of the utmost freedom in search for truth, and of hearty co-operation between all the agencies working toward a common end.

It is, of course, impossible to summarize, or even sample, the more than forty addresses of the convention, condensed as they already were to the last degree. It must suffice to say that the proceedings, including all the papers, are to be published in full and thus their riches of fact, experience, and conviction made accessible to the public.

The convention completed the work for which it had come together by inaugurating a national organization under the name of "The Religious Education Association." A constitution, practically that of the National Educational Association, was adopted. Professor Frank Knight Sanders, Ph. D., D. D., of Yale University, was elected president, and the Hon. James H. Eckels, ex-Comptroller of the Currency, treasurer. The scope and purpose of the new organization were set forth in a paper embodying the results of many conferences and much correspondence, and we may therefore congratulate ourselves that, if not actually a new force, yet at least a broad and helpful correlation and stimulating direction of forces already working for righteousness has begun.

GRANVILLE ROSS PIKE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"What, Then, Is the Use of Making Money, Anyhow?"

[One business man, taking note of our editorial in the issue of January 29, sends us the following, which we hope will attract the attention of other business men who will re-read the editorial in question, after reading this communication. We trust they will be moved to send UNITY, in short or longer meter, their answer to the question, over their own signature or otherwise. Certainly the young men facing the world have a right to ask of those who have gone before them and to a degree mastered the world, what is the proper incentive. What is money good for?—EDITOR.]

The question of what to do with money is a very deep one and can not be answered off-hand. It would take a much wiser man than the writer to decide just the proper and best way to use money after having once gotten hold of it. There are several different ways of getting hold of money, the two chief ones being to have it left to you by inheritance, and to make it out of every-day business. As the world seems organized now-a-days the business man's idea seems to be first, to make some money, and second, how to spend it, and I think we will all agree that a man's expense account keeps up alongside of his income as a usual thing. You ask me what are the incentives: They are so many and so varied, and to be judged from so many different points of view, that it is almost impossible to answer you. I presume there will be as many different reasons given you as there are different minds to impart the information. My own idea is that the average successful business man of today is more gratified from the mere fact that he has made a success of the line of work he has undertaken, and is more proud of the fact that he is a success in a business way, rather than the satisfaction he gets out of handling the money that he has made from being a success. In my own case it is very pleasant for me to know that in my line of business I stand very near the top in volume of business, profit made out of it, etc., and I get a great deal more from this than from the money that is made from the business.

I believe that if we all observed the old Mosaic law of dividing one-tenth of our income to those who are not as well off as ourselves, the world at large would be much better off, and I am satisfied that there would be more happiness and contentment in the world if we all did one-tenth as well as we knew how.

If I were a minister of the gospel I would much prefer to preach to 1,500 people on a Sunday than to an audience of 300. I would figure that in order to get the best results out of my work I would want to make my sermons so interesting that they would appeal to a large audience, thereby securing large contributions, which would enable me to do more work of a charitable nature than I could from the results obtained from a small audience.

I am not answering your letter for the purpose of getting any newspaper notoriety—but simply giving you a few lines off-hand as they occur to me.

—. —. ———.

Street Car Franchise.

MY DEAR UNITY:

I notice in your editorial the other day a statement very commonly made and I think it worth while to call your attention to the fact that it is unfounded, in the sense at least in which it is usually made. The statement, which has reference to the question of renewal of street car franchises, runs as follows: "Something must be done." I wish to suggest that in fact no great harm would be done if the matter of extension is not settled by the time when the period fixed in the ordinances expires. The street car companies will not abandon their place and the cars will run as usual. They will then be simply tenants at will of the city and matters can be left in that fashion until some permanent arrangement can be made. The matter is of permanent and serious importance only because the chief danger at present is that, under the impression which you have suggested, people will insist upon haste and make an improvident settlement of the question. I am, Very truly yours,

EDWARD M. WINSTON.

February 3, 1903. *601 Kedzie Building, Chicago.*

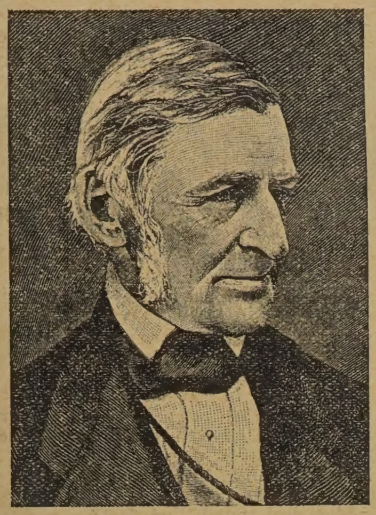
Princeton's President on Trusts and Football.

Speaking of trusts, President Wilson, of Princeton, said the other day, "I believe in the utmost freedom of combination in a free country." Speaking of football, Dr. Wilson takes a different view. Sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gosling. He criticises mass plays, and in football would have freedom of combination somewhat restricted. "I think," he writes to a western correspondent, "that just at the present time the game is clearly in the way to be discredited because the rules have been slowly altered in the direction of making all the success of the game depend upon mere weight and mass and strength." Fighters of the trusts will say it is just so in business, but in football at least the cure is neither impracticable nor hazardous. Dr. Wilson goes on to say that these changes have made the game not only less interesting to the spectators, but more dangerous to the players, and in proportion as sheer strength has been made the basis of the play the players have been tempted to do very brutal things. "Indeed," he adds, and it is a serious comment, "I am afraid that in some instances they were instructed to do brutal things so as to put their opponents out of the game. I look upon all this as merely a phase, though a very demoralizing phase, in the development of the game." We will all agree with him. To encourage brutality in football is to encourage cheating. Dr. Wilson said the other day that character was a by-product, and came as an indirect result of work done with some other purpose. The character developed as a by-product of football will not be what it should be if the rules make it expedient to instruct players to play unfairly. Besides, if success at football is all to depend on mere strength and mass and weight, it would be cheaper to have the game played by steam—a method that would also avoid all vexatious eligibility questions. Rather than do that, amend the rules. It can be done, an expert says, by a rule suggested three years ago: "There shall be seven men in the line when the ball is put in play." That looks simple, and might work until the ingenuity of the players and coaches devised new schemes to frustrate it.—*Harper's Weekly.*

1803 MAY TWENTY-FIFTH 1903

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

A CENTENNIAL APPRECIATION.



II.

(Copyright.)

Emerson, the Person and the Philosopher.

By F. B. Sanborn, of Concord.

Invited to send for publication on this centennial anniversary of Emerson's birthyear some estimate of him as he appeared to me during and after not quite thirty years of personal intimacy, I find myself divided between the wish to portray both the Man I knew and loved and the Philosopher who uttered for me the secret of the universe so early in my youth that I escaped those doubts and that despair which so often confront the thinking man as he stands on the threshold of active life. I can only sketch them both in this short paper; but I have written more at length in a little book that will soon be published in Boston, on the *Personality of Emerson;* and I shall take occasion during the protracted celebration of his genius and character which is to occur in New England the coming summer, to present my estimate of Emerson the Philosopher.

Within my lifetime of seventy years I have seen and listened to many men and women of distinction in the various walks of life, whom it is needless to name, and among whom I do not propose to attempt the invidious task of comparison. But as an American I feel bound to say that among this multitude of what the French term "marking" characters, four have crossed my horizon, or shared with me the duties and pleasures of life in America, who have a distinctive right to the name "American," since in no other country could they have been bred and have performed their parts. Naming them in the order of their birthdays, these were JOHN BROWN, the *Hero;* DOCTOR HOWE, the *Philanthropist;* EMERSON, the *Poet-Philosopher,* and ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the *Statesman.* Of these, three were born in New England, and the fourth, Lincoln, was of distant New England descent. But all of them transcended those narrow limits which New England oftentimes seems to impose on its children, even of genius and heart; though born in Boston, two of them, they had not the Boston peculiarities; the son of Connecticut, Brown, had not the distinctive Connecticut qualities of caution and self-seeking; and that remarkable Kentuckian, Abraham Lincoln, had neither the outward graces nor the startling defects of the attractive Kentucky character. They were all four "born for the universe," as Goldsmith said of Burke, and no one of them "narrowed his mind" to any other service than that of mankind in general. And when they met one another, as each of the four did meet most of the other three, they recognized each other, as Homer says the Greek divinities did—

> The gods are to each other not unknown,
> Though far apart they dwell.

Of the four, Emerson was marked out by descent and disposition to be the instructor of men. Belonging to a race of clergymen so exclusively that the ancestors, on either side of the house, who did not preach were exceptions, Emerson was destined for what his contemporaries used to call "the sacred desk" from his very cradle. Learning and piety were drawn in with his mother's milk, and formed the substance of his education as child and youth. Inheriting a high spirit, he yet followed the priestly rule (in those regions where the priest is the servant and not the tyrant), and lent himself to the humblest occasions in youth.

> "So didst thou walk along life's common way
> In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
> The lowliest duties on itself did lay."

I remember how much I was shocked in my early days, when I had begun to read Emerson, to hear a thoughtless good woman, who must have heard him preach occasionally in his high Hanover street pulpit, speak of him as "that infidel." On the contrary, he was from the first the most faithful and believing of mankind. In his address to young ministers, written in his later years, yet dating in its spirit from the earlier period, Emerson said:

> "Unlovely, nay frightful, is the solitude of the soul which is without God in the world. To see men pursuing in faith their various activities, warm-hearted, providing for their children, loving their friends, performing their promises—what are they to this chill, houseless, fatherless, aimless Cain—the man who hears only the sound of his own footsteps in God's resplendent creation? To him it is no creation; to him these fair creatures are hapless spectres; he knows not what to make of it. How gloomy is the day! and upon yonder shining Walden what melancholy light!"

In a lesser degree, in the same remarkable address, which I fear is too little read, he laments the lack of positive religion in men of high purpose and advancing thought. "I see in them," he says, "character, but skepticism. They have insight and truthfulness; they will not mask their convictions; they hate cant; but more than this I do not readily find. The gracious motions of the soul—piety, adoration—I do not find." They existed in him from youth to age.

I notice in the recent life of Dr. Martineau, a contemporary of Emerson's, who outlived him by more than ten years, and carried into extreme age a clear, though rather controversial mind of high philosophic capacity, one or two reminiscences of his American friend, which are worth quoting. In 1882, soon after Emerson's death, writing to their mutual friend, Alexander Ireland, whom Emerson met on his first visit to Scotland in 1833-34, Martineau said:

> "I first heard of Emerson in 1830, from Henry Ware and his wife, who visited me at Dublin; and I have a faint impression that even then he was spoken of by the elder minister with a shade of reserve, as if the want of congeniality between the evangelical pastor and the independent thinker was already inwardly felt. Three years afterwards, in 1833, Emerson sought me out in Liverpool, introduced by Henry Ware, and told me the story of his scruples about the Communion. I was struck with the mixture of clear decision on that subject, and of modest suspense on topics he had not fully thought out. It was his visit in 1847 that left upon me an indelible impression of the depth and greatness of his nature. In his personality he appeared to me almost all that is noble, lovely and venerable; and in his critical and ethical writings he rose to the very perfection of moral judgment; pure and keen without a trace of cynicism, and with a select-

ing enthusiasm for all beauty and good—calm and passionless because full of faith in them as the permanency of the world."

There is little fault to be found with this delineation of Emerson in youth and in middle life; Martineau had a clear view of the personality of the man before him. But his analytic and dialectical mind did not allow him to see the full worth of Emerson's synthetic and intuitive intellect. Writing a few years later, when the books of Emerson, rather than the man himself, were in his memory, Martineau said:

"A most winning and delightful personality on the side of the affections and conscience, he somewhat disappointed me intellectually. With deep and lively flashes of insight, characteristic of real genius, I find mixed many *dicta* which, though striking in their epigrammatic form, do not speak to me as *true*. Much as I love the man, I seek in vain to learn from him. The fault is probably in me."

I incline to think it was; for the rather formal, though profound intelligence of Martineau could not quite keep pace with the glancing, poetic insight of Emerson, fixed, as that was, upon the shifting phases of life, which appealed to him in their variety as they did to Shakespeare, whose versatility, without his great gift of dramatic expression, Emerson shared.

This comparison of Emerson with Shakespeare seemed to many rash and daring when Hermann Grimm made it, about the time Martineau was writing to Alexander Ireland in 1882. In a long essay at that time, Grimm compared our poet-sage deliberately with Schiller, Goethe and Shakespeare; and the comparison had much to go upon in all three instances, if we remember how much higher Schiller stands in the estimation of Germans than of most Americans and Englishmen. Longfellow, equally with Emerson, lacked that analytic, metaphysical quality which would have spoiled Schiller for a poet, had he not also possessed in a high degree the fervor and melody of poetic expression. Schiller, like Longfellow, was essentially imitative, and drew largely upon literature and history for his subjects of drama and song; while Emerson, like Goethe, looked into his own heart and wrote—using literature and history as the magic-lantern slides on which to exhibit the colors and forms of his poetic imagination. Shakespeare, of the three, was pre-eminently dramatic; Goethe only eminently so; while Emerson, lacking the dramatic element, had instead of it what Alcott used to call the "personal"—that is, the inward, co-ordinating element which must always lie behind the dramatic power, with its personations and multiple effects.

This "personal" or unifying quality was more marked in Emerson, as it was in the severer moral character of Dante, than in Goethe or Shakespeare, though by no means wanting in them. Perhaps in Goethe it was too much the fruit of reflection; while in Shakespeare, as in Emerson, it was the spontaneous expression of a profound nature. The parallel between Goethe and Emerson may be dwelt on a little. In both the poetic method was naturally paramount—more or less qualified by the philosophic and scientific method (which grew upon Goethe in his later life, as it did not upon Emerson). This led them both to anticipate some of the results of Darwin and earlier experimenters.

But, unlike Darwin, and still more unlike the disciples and worshipers of Darwin, these two poets did not rest in the prosaic side of the evolutionary or developmental hypothesis; they connected it, instead, with the high spiritual philosophy of which Goethe and Emerson were both interpreters. Nor did they fall into the vicious circle of German metaphysics, which, under the name of "speculative philosophy," Paulsen, the favorite lecturer on philosophy at Berlin of late, declares has run itself out, and may be dismissed from further notice. Such is not my view, but rather that Paulsen, like Emerson, is a speculative philosopher, but of the reconciling rather than the dialectical and hair-splitting sort. Both Goethe and Emerson stand apart, as Shakespeare did, from the Baconian, and now the Kantian, the Fichtean and the Hegelian systems of thought; preferring, instinctively or deliberately, the modernized Platonian philosophy.

Like Plato, Emerson was a poetic inspirer, and a master of style in writing; and those who, like myself, owe our rescue from hurtful modes of thought to Emerson, are constantly reminded of Plato's fiction of the cave of perception, where only images of the real world meet the eyes of the imprisoned inmates. In an ode at the Concord School of Philosophy, in the session of 1882, I sought to express this thought in a verse which may fitly close these prose utterances:

His was the task and his the lorldy gift
Our eyes, our hearts, bent earthward to uplift:
He found us chained in Plato's fabled cave,
Our faces long averted from the blaze
Of Heaven's broad light, and idly turned to gaze
On shadows—flitting ceaseless as the wave
That dashes ever idly on some isle enchanted:
By shadows haunted
We sat—amused in youth, in manhood daunted,
In vacant age forlorn—then slipped within the grave,
The same dull chain still clasped around our shroud.
These captives bound and bowed
He from their dungeon, like that angel led,
Who softly to imprisoned Peter said,
"Arise up quickly! gird thyself and flee!"
We wist not whose the thrilling voice—we knew our souls were free.

THE PULPIT.

Dedication Sermon.

From the Dedication Sermon for the Memorial Chapel of Leland Stanford University.

BY REV. R. HEBER NEWTON, DELIVERED JANUARY 25, 1903.

"I have built an house of habitation for thee, and a place for my dwelling forever."

The majestic church which we dedicate this day to the worship of God and to the blessed hope of eternal life stands, the latest in a long line of the goodly fellowship of temples. In the far-back beginnings of civilization man reared his first churches. Through the whole story of civilization he has continued to rear his churches. The earliest works of architecture preserved for us are temples. The only architectural works which have survived the ravages of time, in many a land, are the ruins of the buildings man has lifted in worship. Through successive generations and centuries and milleniums man has continued to be a church builder. And so today we, the heir of the ages, repeat the story of the past, as wealth consecrates itself to the rearing of a structure which shall stand through ages yet to come, a splendid symbol in stone of the faith in which man lives nobly, the hope in which he dies bravely and peacefully.

What a chain of impressive buildings the churches of humanity form, binding the whole world round the feet of God! How they lift themselves up from every land of earth, in mute attestation of man's trusts and aspirations! We think of the monster burnt-brick pyramids of Chaldea, of the rock-hewn temple of Ellora, and of the great pagoda at Tanfore in India, of the Titanic pile at Karnac in upper Egypt, the most impressive ruins in the world; of the Parthenon, lifted high upon its stern rock above Athens, of the golden-domed, white-walled Temple at Jerusalem, of the vast Mosque of St. Sophia in Constantinople, of the mighty Cologne Cathedral, of the charming Duomo at Florence, of stately St. Mark's in Venice, of the beautiful Cathedral at Amiens, of the august mausoleum of the English-speaking race, Westminster Abbey.

The story of the building of these great churches, as we know it, forms one of the most fascinating pages of history. There have been periods of a veritable passion for church-building, ages in which mankind seemed possessed with an enthusiasm for the heroic tasks of sacred architecture. Notable among these periods of church-building was the dawn of the modern era in Europe. When the thousandth year of Christendom had passed in safety and the horrible nightmare of superstitious fear, haunting men's minds, as they looked forward to the coming of the end of the world, disappeared, a new life of joyous hope filled the soul of man; and in glad gratitude he turned to the pious labors of restoring and renewing the churches of Europe. In France and Germany and Italy and England new churches, more lovely than any ever before seen in those lands, sprang up as if by magic. As a monk of Cluny wrote—"It was as if the earth, rousing itself and casting away its old robes, clothed itself with the white garment of churches."

No more inspiring tale of impassioned enthusiasm and unselfish consecration of wealth has ever been told than is found in the records of the church-builders. Kings poured their fortunes into the coffers of the churches, and queens emptied their treasure boxes at the feet of bishops and abbotts. Princely men and courtly women journeyed from afar to the scenes of these arduous labors, and toiled in the unwonted tasks of the masons, that God's house might be reared speedily in splendor. Free cities of Germany and France and Italy girded themselves to these tasks with a civic pride and a communal sacrifice which to our modern cities, given over to the building of temples to the goddess of Getting-on, must seem a veritable delirium of sentiment. Into the building of these churches the enthusiasm of whole peoples has poured, in a beautiful and loftly devotion which alone is worthy of redeeming the story of man from the shame of sordidness and materiality. As ran the decree of one of the communes of Italy, preparing for such a church —"No work of the commune shall be undertaken unless the design be to make it correspond with a heart which is of the greatest nature, because composed of the spirit of many citizens, concordant in one single will."

How touching the stories of the way in which the communes of Italy undertook the labor of raising money for their immortal Duomo! With what alacrity of self-imposed taxation did they provide, as in the case of Florence, that it should be then ordered "that Arnolfo, architect of our commune, prepare the model or plan for the rebuilding of Santa Reparata with such supreme and lofty magnificence that neither the industry nor the capacity of man shall be able to devise anything more grand or more beautiful." How the chosen architects entered upon their labors let the records show. "In 1308 Duccio entered into agreement with the head of the works to paint a picture for the high-altar of the Duomo in Siena. It was to be the best he could do, as the Lord should give him grace to do it. When Brunelleschi confronted the heroic undertaking of lifting the mighty dome above the Duomo in Florence, without inner bracings to mar the effect of the interior, a task never before achieved, he summoned his courage after this fashion: "Remembering that this temple is dedicated to God and to the Virgin, I have confidence that he will not fail to infuse knowledge where it falls short, and to supply strength and wisdom and intelligence to whosoever may undertake the task." There is in the records of Santa Maria del Fiore a touch which makes our modern world akin with the world of the Middle Ages. "There were always people about," says the anonymous biographer of Brunelleschi, 'who made a circle,' or, in the vernacular of our day, 'a ring,' and gave him much trouble."

The building of many of these great churches of earth proved tasks far beyond the power of one generation to complete. Successive generations dedicated themselves to the labor of perfecting the original design. We have seen in our own day more than one historic minster thus finished, generations and centuries after the cornerstone of the building was laid. Only in our time have the mighty spires of Cologne Cathedral crowned that massive pile. It was my privilege a few years ago to be in Florence on a most interesting occasion. The great Duomo had stood for centuries with its mighty facade unfinished. Under the enthusiasm of the revival of national unity, the restoration of national independence, Italy girded itself to the task of building this facade. With what of help was left from the records of the past the best talent of Italy sought to complete the building in the spirit of its founders. A generous spirit of national cooperation inspired the daring labor. Every great sculptor of Italy was given a figure to carve for the adoring of the marble front. When the time came to behold the finished work the nation was on the tiptoe of expectancy. Vast crowds filled the spaces before the Duomo. Amid the hush of the great throng the coverings hanging before the building were removed, and, in all the glory of the finest marble of Italy, in the splendor of its loveliest colors, in the beauty of its noblest workmanship, the facade of the old Duomo stood complete.

These glorious temples have been, in many instances, veritable growths of the life of great peoples—evolving not so much out of any one architect's plans as out of the changing thought and feeling of the nation. Thus in Egypt successive kings added to those noble temples, expressing in each addition some new breath of religious life, until the result is seen in a living organism, a thing endowed with life, the life of a whole race. Such an organic expression of English life is found in Westminster Abbey, which is like the Constitution of the people, not a manufacture but a growth—rightly read, revealing the history of a race. The history of Venice for five hundred years is indubitably recorded on the walls of the Church of St. Mark, the decoration of which had been the chief task of her arts.

History preserves for us the fragrant memory of how, when these great churches have been completed, cities and nations have kept festal day, as in Florence a few years ago. The quaint Chronicles of Siena enable us still to enter into the joyous enthusiasm with which her citizens welcomed to their Duomo the noble altar-piece which had been the work of their leading artist.

If we had the records preserved to us, might we picture the scenes in upper Egypt, when the most wonderful building of earth, the mighty temple of Karnac, was dedicated; or the festivities in Athens when the Parthenon was completed and set apart to its high purposes; or, far back in the dim, misty vistas of antiquity, the excitement on the plains between the rivers, when the ancient Acadians lifted high above those level plains their massive pyramidal piles, on the summit of which a nation's worship was to be offered.

What a variety these great churches of history present to us in their types of architecture. What a contrast between the Grecian temple and the Gothic minster; between Stonehenge and Westminster Abbey; between the meeting-house of our New England valleys and St. Peter's, Rome; between the synagogues of Palestine and the mosques of Saracenic Spain. Each great church has represented the genius of a people,

the spirit of a race, the temper of an age. Each has embodied a type of mind, a form of thought, a belief of the soul, an aspiration of the spirit. The almost infinite varieties of human nature are typed in these varieties of sacred architecture. The manifold phases of the divine nature gleam upon our souls through these varying types of human nature.

In each of these great churches the superficial mind can find something alien to its own thought and feeling, something to differ from, to oppose. Little natures thus draw aside into their own conventicles and meeting-houses, synagogues, mosques, and churches, and, through the differences between them, all alike find themselves isolated one from the other, withdrawn from the sacred bonds of human fellowship. Deeper natures will see in each of these great churches, as in the types of thought and feeling which they express, something to admire, to sympathize with, to stir a sense of community of life, to knit more closely the sacred bonds of human fellowship. Each church is by such souls seen to stand for some conception, however rude or however noble, of the human and of the divine nature, something not to be lightly cast aside, something to be interpreted, understood, appreciated, assimilated, and made our own. Thus the New England Puritan poet stands in Chartres, at first tempted to look with scorn upon the superstitious mummeries of the old peasant woman upon her knees by his side, fumbling her beads; but a deeper insight reveals in her the same reverence and awe, the same faith and hope and love which stirs his cultivated soul. Thus Browning reads the parable of sympathy in religion in his wonderful poem, "Christmas Eve"; carrying us from the close and steaming air of the common-place chapel to the pageantry of St. Peter's, to find the presence of the Christ as our hearts beat in sympathy with the rude service of the meeting-house and the gorgeous ritual of the basilica, or to miss the Christ as we turn from either unsympathetically.

All these great churches of history stand for what is most important in human life and thought. Each one is an expression of man's perception of something outside of himself, beyond himself, above himself, a Power "in whom we live and move and have our being." Wherever a great church has lifted itself above the plains or perched itself upon some mountain crag, or nestled in some secluded valley, or reached forth from some jutting promontory to cast the shadow of its cross in benediction upon the stormful sea—there man's spiritual nature has expressed itself in a stone symbol, his consciousness of his own being, his origin, his nature, his destiny,—his faith in God, his assurance of immortality. So as I spanned the continent in this journey and turned my eyes away from the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, rising over the city that we think given to sordid mammon worship; and as, meeting the waters of the Pacific on the other side of the continent, my eyes lighted upon this beautiful structure rising above the plains to which men once looked only for the gold that was hidden beneath them; I seemed to see the symbol of the deeper life of this people, surely to aspire after those fine idealisms which are dormant within them, those spiritual energies which are one day to consecrate this material power, in an enthusiasm of humanity that is to make of this nation the leader in the world's movement towards democracy, a veritable democracy of political rights, a genuine democracy of industrial possessions.

What a growth the story of church-building presents us! From the rudest beginnings on to the highest developments of architecture, we compass the whole octave of this noble art in our study of church-building. . . .

What a contrast between that little meeting-house of the Puritans in Salem, Massachusetts, the first church building upon our shores, still standing encased within the walls that have been reared to protect it for posterity, the earliest growth of religion on our shores—what a contrast between this little building and the mighty pile in which we are gathered here today. The contrast which we find in the body of sacred architecture, the church-building, we find in the soul of sacred architecture, the religious thought and feeling inspiring these creations—a growth from the simplest beginnings of beliefs to the noblest unfoldings of faith. From forms of grossest and most savage ignorance the thought of man has grown through his history, becoming clearer, saner, more commanding to the reason, more satisfying to the heart, more compelling in its constraint over the soul. In the worship of the Divine Being which now finds expression in the great temples of the modern world we have the flowering of the profoundest philosophy, the purest poetry, the exactest science of the modern mind. . . .

The worship lifted up in man's primitive temples, how shocking to our moral sense today! The venerable priests of the German forests with their long flowing white hair, leading the shrinking maiden into the center of the great stone circle, their knives uplifted for the horrible act of immolation; the frantic priests forming a cordon round the brass figure of Moloch on the Syrian plains, their attendants beating drums to drown the cries of the wretched victims slowly roasting to death within the brazen figure; the great temple of Mexico, with the stone altar upon which the fairest youth of the land was placed, bound and garlanded, that, as the first rim of the sun's disk rose above the eastern horizon, his throbbing heart might be plucked from his body and offered as a sacrifice to "our Lord the Sun"—how inconceivable to us today that these could have been the forms in which man ever worshipped "our Father which art in Heaven." From these far back beginnings of most inconceivable cruelty, these most unbelievable basenesses of superstition, what a progress to the sun-lit heights on which we stand today, in this latest born of the temples of man; our worship the exercise of the mind's sanest thinking, in the awed recognition of the Gracious Power from which we spring, in which we live; the trustful uplook of our moral natures to an Infinite and Eternal Goodness; the uplifting of our imagination's finest vision in all loveliest dreams of poetry and art concerning the infinite beauty which is one with the eternal truth; the outgoing of our hearts' sacredest feeling in the glad and joyous perception that all human life is born from a Life infinite, eternal, divine; that every human affection is a sacrament, an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace or graciousness of Divine Being; the upward soaring of the aspirations of conscience, in which all the moral forces of our being surge strenuously toward the Perfect Ideal, exigently calling to us—"Be ye perfect, even as your father which is in Heaven is perfect!" Religion, beginning in superstition, is emerging into rationality; beginning in fear, is climbing out into the sunned heights of calm and trustful love; beginning in the mummeries of ceremonialism, is passing out into the ethical and spiritual realities of character and conduct. Religion is seen to be now but another term for the highest life, the reverent recognition and faithful fulfillment of the relationships in which we are bound one to the other, and all of us to an infinite and eternal order, the beautiful order of the universe, and thus to the Power which ensouls that order, the indwelling God. The religion which the great temples of today enshrine and symbolize is the religion of ethical and spiritual life. Its loftiest ritual is found in the Te Deums of aspiration, in the litanies

of reverence, in the psalms of trust, in the sacred hymns of obedience to law, in the sweet canticles of helpfulness to our fellows, in the eucharistic realities of spiritual communion with the Divine—in lives made "by duty epical and rhythmic with the truth."

The great churches of earth, seemingly so widely separated in their architectural forms, are found on closer study to be based upon one common form, to represent one type of structure, and so to enshrine and symbolize one common type of thought and life within the structure. The body and soul of sacred architecture alike reveal the truth that, below all varieties of our earthly temples and of the religion incarnate in them, there is a unity of ethical and spiritual religion, a somewhat common to all, though found in different developments, and in manifold varieties. The great temples of earth, of well nigh every religion, are constructed upon one ground plan. That ground plan is cruciform. As you behold it here today, you can trace it, more or less clearly, in the churches and temples of England and France, of Germany and Russia, of Syria and Egypt, of India and China and Japan. . . .

How illuminatingly significant such a fact! Below the varieties, so contradictory and repellant, of our sectarian Christianity, there is, in Dean Stanley's noble phrase, a "common Christianity"—a somewhat of faith and hope common to every sect and every denomination, underlying every confession of faith, within every creed, back of every system of thought. Every sect of Christianity holds by the faith in God, the faith in immortality, the faith in the spiritual mastership and leadership of Jesus, the Christ of God. The conduits are different, the spring and fountain is one.

So, if we may coin a nobler phrase than that of Dean Stanley, there is a "common humanity" in religion. There is a somewhat common to all religions, no matter how alien or contradictory each to the others may seem. Each holds somewhat that is held by the others, and that which it holds in common with the others is the inmost, vital, essential faith of all. There is a oneness of ethical and spiritual religion in which Christian, Mohammedan, Jew, Hindu, Japanese, Chinaman, all alike stand confessedly the children of one Father. With the Persian mystic we too may each say—"I am at home in mosque or synagogue, in temple or in church."

These great churches which man has reared on earth have ministered to all noblest forms of life. They have been the cradles of art and poetry and music. Architecture has found its noblest inspiration in the endeavor to rear worthy of God. To paint an altar-piece for some great Duomo, was the highest ambition of the noblest painter. To fill those great minsters of the Middle Ages with the dim, religious light in which all the prose of earth was transformed into the poetry of heaven, was the inspiration out of which grew the art of the stained glass window. Modern music was born on the steps of the altar. The music of Christendom began in the chanting of the Psalter and in the rendering of the Mass. Palestrina was the forefather of Beethoven and Wagner. Poetry's lips were touched with the live coal from off the altar. These great churches of man have thus been the nursing mothers of the æsthetic life of man. Into the worship of the great churches of earth every art has been drawn as the handmaiden of religion, and consecrated to the service of the Most High. The service of the Holy Communion, the central act in all Christian churches, leads up into the Mass of the Church of Rome, as the loftiest expression of the artistic life of man. It is the dramatization of religion. . . .

Were there time I might point out how the great churches of earth have ministered to the intellectual life of man—in the preaching of Athanasius, Augustine, Luther, Calvin, John Knox, South, Bossuet, Jonathan Edwards, Channing and Brooks.

The noblest of all forms of life has been most nobly ministered unto in these noble churches of earth. Far above the æsthetic life of man, which finds expression in the arts—in poetry, in painting, in sculpture, in architecture, in music, high even above the intellectual life of man, which finds expression in his philosophies and sciences, is the moral and spiritual life of man, which finds expression in character and conduct. This is the crown and consummation of our human life. . . . And this moral and spiritual life of man has been fed supremely by the churches of earth. For this they have been consciously or unconsciously called into existence. . . . To awaken his faith, to rouse and quicken his hope, to sweeten the emotions of his heart until they shall bourgeon and blossom in all loveliest forms of charity, to educate his conscience, to nerve his will, to strengthen him in the battle of life, to bind him under the sweet influences of the heavenly worlds shining upon his soul in the stilly silence of the Spirit, to flash upon him the gleam from out of the darkness, in the following of which is the true joy and felicity of life—this has been the ministry of the churches of earth. Into them men have poured in their hours of weakness to gain strength, in their hours of doubt to gain certitude, and in their hours of sorrow to gain comfort. . . . Our whole human life, in its cycling round of relationships and responsibilities, has been led within the great temple for consecration. . . . The individual, in all his relationships and responsibilities, has been breathed upon in the great Church for the tasks and struggles of life, and sent out to quit himself like a man.

These great churches have been more than the centers of individual inspiration; they have, in the great ages of religion, been the centers of civic and national life. In them all rank has been forgotten, all classes have commingled, as the rich and the poor, the nobles and peasants, the king and the serf have bowed together in the democracy of religion. . . . In its cathedral the commune of the free towns of France and Germany and Italy found its forum, and within the sacred walls in tumultuous assemblies, the crises of a city's destiny have been met, as men have looked "to the hills from whence cometh our help." . . . We may no longer come to our great minsters for our civic assemblies, but from our great minsters are still streaming the tides of moral energy, of the sacred enthusiasm of humanity, which, moving through our western democracy, are making for all that is best and noblest in our national life. The inspiration of our cities for the great task of our generation—civic regeneration—is found today in our churches. . . . The casting of the ballot is only the registering of the decrees issued by the will of the community. The real election of the people is made within the sacred chambers of conscience—the true shrine of the indwelling God.

It may seem to some of you as though the day of the church were passing. In one sense it is well that so it should be. The aim of every human institution is to make itself unnecessary. An institution fulfills its own end in dispensing with itself. It exists that it may train men to do without it. The family rears children that it may send them forth to live and love, even though the home be broken up. The state exists that it may surround immature men with the restraint of law, in order that the time may come when the law written without, in codes and statutes, shall be found written on inner fleshly tablets, and the vision of the Jewish prophet shall come true—"I will write my laws in their hearts." So the external law, with its prohibitions and penalties, may disappear when the internal law, in the majesty of the true divine authority,

takes the throne of man's being. The university exists, not that its students may forever be pupils, sitting at the feet of masters, but that they may so learn there from the masters, in all human wisdom, that on leaving the university, its cloisters, its halls, its libraries and museums, they may go forth as trained and educated men and women, masters of their own powers, having learned the great secret of all wisdom—"Know thyself." The Christian seer saw the New Jerusalem coming down out of heaven upon earth, the flower of the ideal society, the kingdom of God, the republic of man. And he writes—"I saw no temple therein." No temple in the perfect city? Not because there was to be no religion there, but because there was to be in all things therein the true religion. Because every human relationship in the perfected life of earth shall flower into forms that are indistinguishable from religion. Because in the good time coming the captains of industry shall lead every private in the economic army in the ways of peace and prosperity, as coming not selfishly to be ministered unto, but unselfishly to minister in the service of God, which is the service of man. Because science, kindling in the soul of man the vision of the universal reign of law, shall so reveal that mystery of the beautiful order that men shall see that "conscious law is king of kings," shall understand that symbol of the ancient Jewish temple which, leading the worship from the outer courts into the Holy Place and through them both into the Most Holy Shekinah, revealed there simply the stone tables of the Law—that Moral Law which is at the heart of the universe, the heart of God who is our "Righteous Father," "The Eternal who loveth righteousness." Because men shall so build and carve and sing and paint and work in every legitimate and noble exercise of their human powers and faculties that life, mounting in the joy of action, shall with the birds of the air and the trees of the field, join in endless Alleluias to him "in whom we live and move and have our being." "Know ye not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost?" As the Jewish sage wrote—"When I lay my hand upon the human body I lay it upon the Shekinah of God." "I saw no temple therein,"—outward pile of marble, glorious in all noble forms, lustrous in all radiant colors, resounding with all noble triumph of song—because in the temple had been formed and fashioned the men and women who were to be the true housings of God—as the fine French phrase for the cathedral runs—"Le logeur du bon Dieu";—their bodies sanctified in all the pure vitality of health, their minds illumined in all the high power of knowledge, their hearts devoted in all the sweet energies of affection, their whole beings made fit tabernacles of the indwelling God. "The word was made flesh and tabernacled among us." There was the true temple of the true God. That you and I may be made men and women in whom the Eternal Word may tabernacle—this is the end and aim of every great church, in the accomplishing of which the time may come when the poet's vision shall prove true—"I saw no temple therein." . . .

Such are some of the thoughts that come to us, as we gather here today to dedicate the latest in the long line of the great churches which man has reared to the glory of God, in the vision of the life to come.

An Open Fire.

For ages, dreaming in the coal,
Has slept in earth the shining soul
Which waking brings to winter's night
Some ancient summer's warmth and light.

—*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

Two Diverse Books.

Both are published by the Macmillan Company. One is "Our Benevolent Feudalism," by W. I. Ghent, the other is "Constructive and Preventive Philanthropy," by Joseph Lee, with an introduction by Jacob Riis. These two books represent two very different approaches to the social problems of the time. The former is a large and general accusation of the trend of corporate wealth and its relations to society. The latter is a persuasive recommendation of certain concrete experiments looking to the amelioration of the condition of the poor. The adjective with which Mr. Ghent qualifies the feudalism of his title is not entirely sarcastic in its intention, but it is so in good part. That is to say, he recognizes the benevolence, or at least the beneficence, as a fact, but he does not regard it as a satisfactory one. He considers the benevolent money-lord as doubtful a good as the benevolent despot in politics. In a series of chapters he exhibits the tendency of wealth to concentrate in the hands of an oligarchy of great money-lords and of the power which it exerts to control all industrial, social, political and religious activities. The picture may be overdrawn, but it has truth enough in it to make it interesting and appalling.

Mr. Joseph Lee's "Constructive and Preventive Philanthropy" hasn't a particle of the daring brilliancy of Mr. Ghent's social diagnosis. It is a handbook for men and women who are working in guilds and settlements and on various similar lines of social amelioration. The writer is vice-president of the Massachusetts Civic League. What he writes is evidently the product of much study and observation of the conditions to which attention is called and of the means suggested for their improvement. There is an historic chapter, in which we look in vain for any appreciation of the noble work of Dr. Tuckerman in the third and fourth decades of the last century. Chapters follow upon savings and loans, the home, health and building laws, the setting of the home, vacation schools, playgrounds for small children, baths and gymnasiums, playgrounds for big boys, model playgrounds, outings, boys' clubs, industrial training, grown people. While these chapters contain many useful hints for those engaged in enterprises of social improvement, they will serve as good a purpose if they attract to these enterprises the attention and sympathy of those who are not yet in any way enlisted on their behalf.

J. W. C.

Notes.

I want the readers of UNITY to get hold of the new histories of the early Christian saints, prepared by Joseph McCabe, and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Two volumes are already out; and we hope we shall have twenty of them. If you wish to know what the spirit of the work is, let me give you a few lines from Mr. McCabe's Preface to his St. Augustine. "This work is an attempt to interpret the life of one of the most famous saints of the Christian church by the light of psychology rather than that of theology. There are many biographies of St. Augustine; but all are constructed on the perverse type, which is followed by Augustine himself, in his seductive Confessions. I have tried to exhibit the development of Augustine, as an orderly mental and moral growth; and to present it in harmonious relation to the many other interesting figures and groups on the broad canvas of his age." In other words we have here, at last, a history of this fine old African Bishop, written as a biog-

raphy ought to be written, rather than with the predetermined effort to exalt him and baptize his meannesses as saintly. The work is admirably done. It seems curious that we have just got to an age when we can speak freely of these old saints and comprehend that they were not at all out of the class of common sinners. However, it will pay anyone to study the life work of Augustine. There was a grand earnestness in the man that will make him live forever. The other book, by the same author, is a life of Peter Abelard—a scholarly work, full of vigorous reasoning. Let me say that the style of Mr. McCabe is exceedingly readable, and even fascinating.

The *Monist* for January is a superb number. The sketch of Apollonius of Tyana is one of the best articles in this number. It is a masterly piece of work. The "Philosophical Foundations of Mathematics" has an initial number or introduction by the hand of the Editor, Paul Carus. This work of Dr. Carus bids fair to be of immense value.

I cannot review the *Literary Digest* farther than to repeat that I should consider myself entirely out of touch with modern thought and modern life if I did not have this great work laid weekly on my Table. The Table of Topics discussed is most judiciously selected; and the work done is from the standpoint of modern progress. The editor, whoever he may be, is in sympathy with the life that is. I do not see how anyone can so well broaden out his thinking and his sympathies as by the regular perusal of this Digest. The *World's Work* and the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* should go with it, if possible.

The proceedings of the thirty-fourth annual meeting of the Free Religious Association for 1901, is altogether too good to be missed. Some of the Addresses are of the very highest character. I am particularly pleased with that on The Man Jesus, and The Traditional Christ, by Prof. Schmidt of Cornell University. The whole volume is worth study.

I may as well here as anywhere express my gratification that UNITY has secured a series of studies of the Problems of the School. The essay by David Starr Jordan, on Theological Seminaries, is so incisive and genuine as to be delightful. Why not—why not bring our theological seminaries under the general control of the universities and subject them to the influences which create the highest scholarship and the most sincere thought?

I note that Rev. J. W. Chadwick in UNITY criticises my opinion of General DeWet's book—a book which he says he has not read himself; and recommends me to read a "five-cent" volume, on which he seems to rely. I have read DeWet, and I have read an armful of other books on the South African war. I do not agree with Mr. Chadwick in his opinion of Krugerism, and "British aggression." I am glad that Mr. Chadwick reads my reviews.

On the Table at this time of the year come no end of catalogues from all sorts of firms. If any one wishes to deal with a thoroughly reliable strawberry grower—one of the best in the United States—let him write to the M. Crawford Company, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. This firm also sends out the very finest strains of gladiolus bulbs. The catalogue is a treatise on the choicest berries.

The Industrial Student is a small sheet, but always welcome, and every line tells. It is the monthly record of The Southern Industrial Institute at Camp Hill, Alabama, for the education of poor whites. I have room only to tell a few wants of this institution. They have an immense farm, which they are rapidly bringing into order and cultivation. The students do their own mason and carpenter work, as well as farm work. Seventy dollars will educate one student for one year. They want a Girl's Hall, to cost about $5,000. Who will have such a hall built for them, and thoroughly furnished with class rooms, laboratories, and instruments? They need paint for the President's house, and for Institute Hall. They need a good surrey, or some kind of carriage, to meet visitors at the train. They need fence wire. They need microscopes. They need an air pump, and other machines for the study of physics. They need papers and magazines. They need books. I sent them one hundred volumes last year and will send some more. Who will send them the daily papers, and weekly papers; especially agricultural papers? I will see that they get the Independent and the Tribune Farmer. Come now, all hands, turn in; and set this school on its feet. Put small sums into your will, if you cannot put in big ones; but do promptly what you can do right away.

The *Arena* for January was so excellent that I had thought it could hardly be better, but the February number is perfect. To the list of contributors they have added Prof. Maxey. His articles are of remarkable value. Prof. Parsons discusses public ownership; Horace Mann suggests a solution of the labor problem. Dr. Roeder discusses a school of physics; and there are other articles nearly as valuable. The article on the Agrarian Revival is full of the right spirit; but is hardly up to date. A few of its statements are incorrect; and I very much question the soundness of its main proposition. Editor Flower gives the usual table of pungent criticisms on social questions. His work is done with a keen insight and a breadth reached by very few of our public men. I wish you would read what he has to say on Mr. Rockefeller as an Educator and on public ownership of public utilities.

The *Independent* has come out with a bold editorial, concerning public ownership of public utilities. It does not hesitate to commend the action of Representative Jenkins, in introducing a resolution, asserting the power of Congress to take possession of all coal, coal beds and coal mines in the United States; and of all lines of transportation, agencies, instruments and vehicles of commerce necessary for the transportation of coal. It places the problem on the broad standpoint that our coal mines will be exhausted inside fifty years; and that with the present wasteful production (one ton of waste to one ton of coal produced) we shall soon be out of fuel. It advocates government control of mines and forests; or at least a very prompt and thorough consideration of the problem in that light. It says: "A complete system of forestry must be undertaken; while the mines must be managed with utmost economy, and in the interests of the people of the United States, absolutely. The strike probably came none to soon to compel us to face the facts and tendencies. The mine owners abhor Socialism; but by their refusal to treat with the miners before the strike, they did more to advance Socialism than all propagandists could have done in a century."

E. P. POWELL.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

The Emerson Centennial.

Memorial School at Concord and Boston.

The Free Religious Association, of which Emerson was one of the founders and vice-presidents, is to commemorate the centennial of his birth by devoting the principal session of its annual convention in May to the subject of "Emerson's Religious Influence." The after-dinner speeches at the evening festival will also for the most part take the form of tributes to Emerson's memory. Several of his old friends and associates will be among the speakers.

The Association has still larger plans, shaped in response to a general demand all over the country for a broad consideration in this centennial year of Emerson's life and influence. It is arranging for an Emerson Memorial School or Conference for three weeks in July, beginning Monday, July 13. The morning sessions of the school will be held in Concord and the evening sessions in Boston. There will be thirty lectures in all, in which the various aspects of Emerson's great work and influence will be treated by the ablest scholars and thinkers who can be associated for the purpose. Special Sunday services, with sermons or addresses by eminent lovers of Emerson, will also be arranged both in Boston and Concord.

To secure the broadest possible spirit in the planning of the program for this important commemoration, the committee appointed by the Association has been enlarged by the addition of scholars representing the old Concord tradition, the Harvard sentiment, and the Saturday Club, with which Emerson was so long and so fondly associated. The committee consists of Edwin D. Mead, George Willis Cooke, John C. Haynes, Frank B. Sanborn, William R. Thayer, Moorfield Storey, and David Greene Haskins, Jr.

The time for the commemoration has been fixed so as best to accommodate the great number of teachers and students from all parts of the country who will come to Boston early in July to attend the convention of the National Educational Association. It is felt that hundreds of these, who will spend the summer in New England, will welcome the opportunity of attending this inspiring summer school, and its opening will therefore immediately follow the Educational Association's convention. The division of the sessions between Concord and Boston will also, it is felt, be pleasing to these visiting scholars, while at the same time it will be a convenience to the large local public.

On the birthday itself, May 25, there is to be a celebration at Concord, with addresses by Senator Hoar, Colonel Higginson, Charles Eliot Norton and others; and on the preceding evening, Sunday, there will be a memorial observance in Symphony Hall, Boston, under the auspices of a large citizens' committee, with an address by President Eliot, a poem by George E. Woodberry, and choral music.

Foreign Notes.

THE REHABILITATION OF SERVETUS.—Not the least interesting feature of the present Calvin revival is a now well-advanced movement to do belated justice to the memory of the great Spaniard who perished at the stake in Geneva, a victim of Protestant intolerance, in 1553, "Michael Servetus, the Unitarian martyr." It was thus that John Fretwell used to characterize him, telling the story of his life and death with an eloquence that some of us remember well. The antitrinitarian views of Servetus made him seem peculiarly our own, and were it not that the Unitarian name no longer connotes primarily the old dogmatic opposition, the Unitarians of today might well take an especial satisfaction in the fact that in the very birthplace of that Calvinism whose victim he was has now arisen the hearty and outspoken demand for a vindication of his memory.

Toward the close of those three lectures by Prof. Donmergue on "Art and Sentiment in the Work of Calvin," of which some account has already been given in these columns, occurs this passage: "Calvin is not a saint. Far from adoring him, we claim that no one can see his imperfections, and, especially, that no one can regret them more than we do. Shall I say it? So far as I am concerned if in place of erecting a statue to Calvin, who has no need of one, his friends wished to erect at Champel a monument of the funeral pyre of Servetus, I should applaud the idea and would suggest this inscription: This stone has been erected by the piety of Calvinists in perpetual memory of the fault of Calvin. All I would ask would be that I might be the first to contribute my mite to this expiatory subscription."

This suggestion did not pass unheeded. It was reported with approval by the newspapers, and prominent citizens took it up in consultation with Prof. Donmergue, so that the project may now be considered fairly launched, though details are yet to be perfected. One of the first evidences of a well defined intention in this direction was the appearance of a little pamphlet: "For Michael Servetus, 27 October, 1553." It opens as follows:

"The regrets caused by the memory of the condemnation and tragic death of Michael Servetus, are in our day unanimous. They have been expressed in a thousand ways by voices often eloquent, and are still current, one may say, in conversation, in books and in the public press. No one any longer thinks of denying that a lamentable wrong was done in the sixteenth century of which Servetus was the unfortunate victim.

"These regrets are sincere, but have so far remained purely individual. To give them free utterance is well, but is there not something more to do? Does not Geneva owe it to herself to atone as far as possible for the fatal deed committed in her name? Has not the time come, in fact, to proceed by some manifestation whose form is yet to be determined, to a public rehabilitation of Michael Servetus?

"At all times and among all peoples men have loved to mark in some way the place where rest the bodies of those whom they have lost. They guard these tombs with pious care, manifesting in this way their attachment to the dear memory of the departed. But let us not forget that this tomb, which we refuse to none of those who leave us, Servetus never had. This consideration alone should suffice, in default of other title, to secure undisputed recognition of that there is nothing far-fetched in the proposal that, at a time when he has clearly regained the esteem of a large number and is held in regret by our generation, a simple stone at least should be dedicated to his memory. But has not this man a double claim to a testimonial of this nature; he who was cut down in his prime, at the age of forty-two, when by his character and his remarkable gifts, notwithstanding certain faults which his history reveals to us, he would undoubtedly stand unchallenged as one of the shining lights of humanity could he but have lived out his life?"

The writer goes on to suggest that October 27, 1903, will be the 350th anniversary of the death of Servetus, and an eminently fitting time for some manifestation which may satisfy the legitimate desire to sanction by some public reparation the moral and tacit rehabilitation of his memory which has already taken place. To give it thus a concrete form which should render it indisputable and final, would be an act of justice. It might also serve to allay that sensitiveness which has made the unhappy fate of Servetus a sore point for all parties even until now.

Like Prof. Donmergue, Mr. Claparide is not one who believes that the true way to honor Calvin is to be silent as to this great wrong. Rather would he have every one fully informed as to "this sad page in our history," and to that end he publishes this little work as a guide to sources of the fullest information. It consists of a bibliographical study prepared in 1880 by the lamented Geneva pastor, Rev. Theodore Claparide, for some theological society, but never before published, supplemented by well selected extracts from modern authors who have most carefully studied the life and works of Servetus.

At the time of his death approval of the condemnation of Servetus was well-night universal among both Protestants and Catholics. Few dared to say, like Sebastion Castalion in his *De Haeretiers*, published in 1554. "When the Genevese put Servetus to death they did not defend a doctrine, they only killed a man. Servetus having combatted Calvin only with arguments and his writings, it was with the same weapons that he should have been met. . . . Evil is overcome only by good, and darkness is dispelled only by the light, not by the sword."

For many long years silence reigned upon this subject, but in the eighteenth century, as one might expect from the spirit of the time, sympathy began to turn toward Servetus,

and various works appeared in different languages. A French work published in 1749 by the Abt's d'Artigny included for the first time documents relating to the trial of Servetus in Vienna. In 1757 the Geneva Council refused Prof. Jacob Vernet access to the official records of the trial in Geneva on the ground that they would do little honor to the memory of Calvin, an attitude the more significant because not long before Voltaire had characterized in severe terms the intolerance of the Reformer and defended the memory of his antagonist.

In the nineteenth century the works on Servetus multiplied. In 1839 a German clergyman, Trechsel, published a work on Anti-trinitarian Protestants before Faustus Socinus, which naturally included a serious study of the life and doctrines of Servetus. Five years later came an account of the trial at Geneva by Albert Rillit, of that city. This was based on a careful study of the original documents and recognized that Servetus had a sincere faith in Christianity as he understood it, and that however strange his theories, his aim was not to destroy in a spirit of hostile unbelief the evangelical institution.

Another German pastor, Rev. Henry Tollin, seems to have made the rehabilitation of Servetus the main work of his life, pursuing his researches indefatigably among the archives and libraries of different countries, seeking above all the works of Servetus himself, now extremely rare, and striving to make him known through his own utterances instead of solely or chiefly through the reports of his enemies. Like Servetus himself this German defender studied medicine and to his writings on this phase of his favorite subject alone, he owed the title of doctor of medicine *honoris causa* conferred on him by the University of Berne in 1884. Dr. Tollin died in 1902 at the age of sixty-nine. The pamphlet in hand closes with a list of some seventy titles of longer or shorter works from his pen bearing upon different phases of this subject of his life-long interest, and regret is expressed that he did not utilize the wealth of his accumulated material for a definitive biography of Servetus.

I have not room to speak of the other authors mentioned, but cannot close without one or two samples of the extracts included in this Calvinist pamphlet. The first is from Henry Tollin:

"Born under the sky of Spain, of a noble and long-time Christian race, of a family of the robe; brought up amid the massacres of the Moors and the persecutions of the Jews; forever won to tolerance by the excesses of the Inquisition, he had as master in free thought the preceptor of the princes of Aragon; trained in all the exercises of piety by the confessor of Charles V.; attached to the court of the emperor when for the coronation at Bologna (November, 1529) the imperial cortege traversed Italy with extraordinary equipment and display, he knew no greater event in his life than that of having found a Bible. From that time he renounced the pleasures, the honors, the influence that were assured to him. He had but one sole passion, Jesus. To gain this Jesus and to reveal him to all the world, that was hereafter the aim of his life. Everything opposed to this Jesus, the friend of his heart, he would crush to earth with all the ardor of a Spanish cavalier. The world belonged to his friend Jesus. For this Jesus, the historic savior of the world, the very son of God, he claimed the right of possession over the Church, right which to him would do away with that frivolous doctrine of the Trinity incompatible alike with the Bible and with reason. Thanks to the love of Jesus, he will not permit error to stop the progress of the principle of the authority of the Scriptures when it comes face to face with holy of holies. No, if ever, according to him, a doctrine of the church ought to be submitted to the examination and revision of the Holy Scripture, it is surely the doctrine concerning God and concerning the three persons. To this conviction Servetus attempted to bring over all the reformers one after the other. He owed it to his heavenly friend for whom he pleads. The answer of the reformers is anathema, proscription and death."

From the Swiss author, Rillist de Candolle, these lines: "The Reformed Church could not understand that in giving man truth as an end, God gave him free investigation as a means. Her desires had been directed solely to the former, and when she believed she had found it, the latter seemed superfluous. After having made use of liberty not to destroy but to displace authority in matters of faith, she wished in return to forbid to others the employment of this instrument of which she now saw only the dangers.

"The death of Servetus was at once the result and the cure for this fatal inconsistency. Repression had in fact as logical conclusion and efficient result nothing but the stake. The flames of that funeral pile brought to light better than the most clever arguments the iniquity of repression. They, and they alone, as much perhaps as all the *onito-de-fe* of the Catholics, enlightened the consciences, because one startling contradiction shocks even more than the results of any system which is consistent." M. E. H.

A Chinese edict prohibits the officials from filling their own pockets out of taxes taken from the people. This is a blow aimed at a well-established precedent.—*Indianapolis News.*

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